PR 5021
.M487 U5

N/-
Cut 55
176

113

THE RIVER WANDEL.

How on Sweet Stream thee Muse will tarry here
And pour forth Fervence o'er thy limpid Clear

THE

UNLETTERED

MUSE,

BY

THOMAS MILLS.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

By F. Nicholls, Somerset-place, Hoxton.

1830.

PR5021
.M487Z5

GIFT
COL. JAMES B. CHILDERS
JULY 26, 1944

Preface.

To the Reader,

In offering the following essay to the public, I feel myself called upon to apologize, and to solicit the indulgence of my readers, for the numerous imperfections which I am aware are continually to be met with in this work.

The title, "*The Unlettered Muse*," will imply that the author has not possessed the advantages of a liberal education, and as literary productions are daily emanating from men of literary fame and talent, he with the utmost deference begs to solicit the encouragement of a liberal public, in patronizing his humble exertions: under a conviction that the beauties of nature furnish abundant means of instruction for the mind, and pleasure in the contemplation of the works and care of a beneficent providence, it has been his humble endeavour to trace those beauties to the fountain whence they are derived, and in the words of a well known writer, to "look through nature up to nature's God."

The Reader will perceive, that I have placed notes where any explanation seemed to me necessary ; and I will only observe that this production is the result of the observation of nature throughout the seasons, unembellished by art.

I will therefore once more solicit the indulgence of my readers in pardoning the numerous defects which may be found in my work, and with the greatest respect

I have the honor to remain,

Your obedient Servant,

THOMAS MILLS.

Contents.

Ode to Woman.

Woman's Worth, Part 1st. and 2nd,

Lines addressed to every Libertine.

Croydon.

Gratitude.

A walk to Hampstead.

Rural Life.

Mill Hill, Part 1st. and 2nd.

Surry Hills.

A Song, the Champion of Love.

A Song, Woodbine Cottage Maid.

A Song, The Minstrel Girl.

A Song, Mary's sweet smile.

A Song, The Disconsolate Maiden, or the fortunate rescue.

The Tomb of the Brave.

The Queen of the Earth.

Lines composed for my Son's Coronation Christmas Piece.

ODE TO WOMAN.

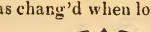
Freely dear woman let gratitude impart,
That innate feeling with a thankful heart;
O'erpower'd by heaven's all-wise, uniting plan,
Thou sweetest flower of love, and worth to man;
Our prop in childhood, and our bosom friend,
What muse for woman can refuse to bend.
God gave thee an angelic heart and soul,
His work then finish'd glorified the whole;
Amid the grand creation thou art queen,
Diffusing blessings o'er the glorious scene:
Man's best companion and his beauteous fence,
Thy love combining with benevolence.
Ah! what is man without thy sweet embrace,
A brute at large tho' of the human race;
Tho' fools and traitors mar thy peace of mind,
For fools and traitors to themselves are blind;
He who embitters purest sweets with woe,
Connubial bliss can surely never know:
Go inspiration in the breast of youth,
And rouse this dormant long-neglected truth,

Go plant it firmly in the thoughtless mind,
How much we owe to lovely woman kind
For all her tenderness, her thought and care,
And pain, and troubles man can never share.
Dear, lovely woman, man's heaven below
You warm my breast, you bid my raptures flow,
Unbounded gladness rushing from the soul,
Steal as it were in joy without control,
A joy the virtuous with pleasure feel,
A joy no tongue can ever half reveal;
It is that inward sweet felicity
Man cannot find, dear woman but with thee;
You soothe the troubles of the gloomy breast,
You make the virtuous man most truly blest:
Woman, maintain your modesty and station,
And be the gem of all creation,
Then gratitude shall ne'er cease to spread
A ray of glory o'er thy beauteous head,
No! never till my heart shall cease to move,
Can I forget thy constancy and love.

WOMANS' WORTH

PART FIRST.

The Groves of Eden, beauteous still, were wild,
The scene was chang'd when lovely woman smil'd.



In viewing natures pure and noble birth,
I'm led to speak of charming woman's worth,
Proud am I here to wield my humble pen,
To shew their great intrinsic worth to men.
Say not, that lovely woman brought deceit,
She came to make man's happiness complete;
Altho' the libertine that freely roams,
And the insidious boast of proud coxcombs,
May talk of some they basely have beguiled,
Thinking my humble verse may be revil'd.
But I will never, never seek a boon,
In laughing with the trifling low buffoon;
The sun's bright rays shall sooner cease to shine,
Before I'd court the praise of any libertine;
Their censure sure would always speak my praise,
And shew that perfect truth adorns my lays.

The man of sense, of pure and noble mind,
To females, ever will be kind;
Knowing full well how oft they soften pain,
For their soft bosoms ever are humane:
When man to man so often proves cold hearted,
When friends and kindred have departed,
Then woman with her humane breast
Will try to soothe his mind to rest;
Then cherish woman, for her worth
To man through every stage from birth,
The child that at the mother's brea t,
Appears to know when 'tis caress'd;
But man, proud man, scarce knows his station,
Tho' he's the lord of the creation;
And this he seems to know full well,
As all his weaker sort can tell.
The strong, if just, would never seek
For means to injure and oppress the weak,
Nor do I say that all the strong
Call for the censure of my song:
I know full well the truly brave,
Will never conquer but to save.
Many there are I'm well aware,
Uphold the weak and guard the fair,

Who scorn to act th' ignoble part
Or cause the female tears to start:
Woman is like the turtle dove,
More true than man in point of love,
As many a suicide can tell,
How truth and innocence have fell,
A victim to some artful knave,
That never was or will be brave;
True honor cannot stand aloof,
Nor silent with this glaring proof.
Now let us take a case in hand
That all may clearly understand;
Suppose Matilda, fair and tall,
Chaste and beautiful withal,
Her mothers hope, her fathers pride,
And just of age to be a bride:
Suppose some traitor should arise,
Breathing love as a disguise—
Vowing he loves Matilda true,
And calling God to hear him too:
With honey on his guilty tongue,
For smooth his words and sweet he sung;
Deception tells a flattering tale,
When aiming virtue to assail

And those who seem the most sincere,
Are those we sometimes most should fear;
But poor Matilda true herself,
Believ'd the false unmanly elf;
She was a stranger unto guile,
She heard each tale and caught each smile;
And as he gain'd the maiden's heart,
The wedding-day was set apart;
Well pleas'd was all the village too,
None seem'd to think he'd prove untrue,
Unless it were Matilda's father,
Who some suspicion seem'd to harbour,
For mark this well he often said,
Nor by deception be betray'd:
Hear the truth howe'er unwilling,
Man can smile and be a villian;
And as he said it proved so,
'Twas verified in William Lowe;
For as the wedding day drew near,
This traitor did not then appear.
'Twas then that he threw off the mask,
Which prov'd the bitter bitter task;
And news came by Matilda's Brother,
That Lowe was wedded to another.

When her fond hopes became thus blighted,
She seem'd like one lost and benighted;
She seem'd to know not where to go,
Her reason fled with William Lowe :
Her parents try'd but all in vain,
To bring her reason back again:
The fatal, fatal die was cast,
Which brought Matilda to her last.
Heav'n!—how shall I describe the scene,
She plung'd into the silver stream.
Soon she was seen and brought on shore;
But life was gone, she was no more,
For skill was us'd by the humane,
But their exertion prov'd in vain :
Can her betrayer's conscience feel ?
No! no! he has a heart of steel.
The nearest inn unto the place,
The corpse was laid,—to hear the case
Matilda's father press'd with care,
Subpœned Lowe t' attend him there ;
To hear what might the jury say,
To stop the guilty in his way :
They justly censured him 'tis true,
'Twas all they had the pow'r to do.

Deceived love, that basest crime,
Is never punish'd in our clime;
Tho' death has open'd his wide jaws,
'Twas men, not women made the laws:
The coroner to the vile elf,
Say naught to criminate thyself;*
To criminate himself indeed!
His guilt is known, he has no need:
This glaring truth I'll not conceal,
For parents they have hearts to feel:
Shall woman's worth be thus neglected,
And deeds so dark be thus protected?
To give a passport as he goes,
To plant still more parental woes;
And innocence again betray,
And glory in his guilty sway.
Shall justice call and still in vain,
To stop this most heart-breaking bane,

---

*"You are not bound to say any thing that may criminate yourself"—this is what is said by every coroner to those who are under a subpœna, though the jury may be convinced of the treachery of him that is brought before them as being the cause of the death of her whom he ought to have protected through life, but the guilty libertine escapes unpunished

Not that the law can change the heart,
If men from honor will depart:
But law should place a barrier round,
To warn the base from off the ground;
To thus uphold the weakest side,
Should be man's glory and his pride.
Let not our boast be only air,
Of manly heart to guard the fair;
But shew at least that our own nation,
Honor and love God's fair creation:
None but the basest and the rude,
To woman will shew ingratitude;
Mark her affection from our birth,
The greatest blessing on this earth.
Think not I paint the sex too high,
Or give to men too dark a dye:
Truth moves the main-spring of my theme,
I tell no false nor idle dream;
Mov'd by the sense of gratitude,
Which no ambition should exclude;
The purer stream by nature shew,
Returning whence it first does flow:
But man who calls himself refin'd,
In colder feeling lags behind.

Ah!—why not act the better part,
Which wants no scientific art;
But a just and manly feeling,
A kind and open course of dealing:
To guard the female breast from woe,
To shield, but never strike the blow.
The soldier in the camp of fame,
Looks to his honor and his name;
Disdaining all inglorious rest,
Where innocence becomes opprest;
Resolv'd to conquer or to fall,
When 'woke by love and beauty's call:
The treacherous conduct of a knave,
Rouses the spirit of the brave;
His breast beats high in virtue's cause,
If justice prompt he'll never pause.
But take the fairest by the hand,
And wave the banners o'er the land:
Banners that are by wisdom giv'n,
Derive their eminence from heav'n;
To guard our makers noble work,
For every Christian, Jew and Turk:
And vow by all the pow'rs on high,
To love for love until we die.

WOMAN'S WORTH.

PART SECOND.

Woman I love thee in thy proper rank,
The world without thee would be but a blank.

In journeying in the beaten track of life,
How sweet to meet a loving virtuous wife;
Tho' clouds may sometime evercast the morn,
All will end well where virtue doth adorn:
Tho' troubles oft the path enclose,
Woman's smile a radiance always throws;
Thus travellers when faint and weak,
Her philanthropic bosom seek:
The warrior that's in battle slain,
Through ambition, or the love of gain;
When he is carried on his bier,
'Tis woman bathes him with her tear;
And offers up to heav'n her prayer,
To place his soul eternal there.
The guardian angel from on high,
Seems beaming in her radiant eye:

There shines so clearly nature's plan,
To melt and warm the breast of man;
And bring the mind to light and reason,
And turn it from the path of treason:
For mark the stain will last for life,
Of treason to a should-be wife.
The unhallowed breach of confidence,
Can never give a just pretence;
He that seeks her to forsake her,
Breaks the grand design of nature:
And he that harbours guile for bliss
Will sure the rod of trouble kiss.
Does man excel the brute creation!
Let him do honor in his proud station;
Whether rich or poor his fate,
Should act with honor to his mate:
The honest face can bear the light,
For conscience tells that all is right.
Perhaps the libertine will say,
I care not for your moral lay;
Nor do I care for woman's worth:
Go crawl debased on the earth;
And feed upon the parched grass,
Thou art inferior to the ass,

Tho' that is often made to bear,
A load its master ought to share:
Think not that I'm a sullen bard,
Or that I lay the lash too hard;
They widely err who think me so,
I only point unto the foe.
And here I need not to define,
All that's within the margin line;
My mead of praise and censure too,
Can only fall where it is due.
Not even youth and passion strong,
Can excuse a virtuous woman's wrong;
It is those wrongs which loudly call,
On men of virtue one and all.
The libertine would sink to naught,
If he were branded as he ought;
And held up to public gaze,
Demons would shudder at his ways:
He soon would find that he was hated,
And be severely castigated:
Then overwhelm'd with dire disgrace,
He'd hide his base, unmanly face:
And like the spectres which affright,
Sink in th' oblivion of night,

Down to his dark and native goal,
With crimes to harrow up the soul.
Now libertine who art no man,
Parry the blows off if you can:
And if you cannot you shall yield,
In deep disgrace with broken shield:
For mark the watchful pen of mine,
Shall wage war with the libertine.
A duty due to woman's cause,
Likewise to heaven and moral laws,
Ye mothers of my native isle,
Illume my pages with your smile:
Inspire your daughters with my song,
Which points so clearly to their wrong;
Teach them to shun and to upbraid,
The man that would their worth degrade:
Thus let him meet with nought but scorn,
For worth will never him adorn;
Ye fathers too on you I claim,
Rouse in your sons the noble flame;
Give not to them a latitude,
That steals the place of gratitude:
Bid them that truly love the fair,
To scorn to lay for them a snare;

But with urbanity of mind,
Act strictly to their mothers kind,
Paint manhood in its brightest hue,
Strip vice of every artful clue:
For on you greatly it depends,
Whether their genius ascends,
The road to merit mark'd by heav'n,
To all alike is freely giv'n.
E'en poverty in worth can rise,
Triumphantly above the skies;
Give them that knowledge which is taught
By study, which may by all be bought;
Shew how th' immortal Thompson shone,
And make his verdant seasons known:
Thompson, whose vast, capacious mind,
In nature's eloquence refin'd;
Who leaving minor joys to fools,
While thus he roam'd in nature's rules:
And Milton's lofty range of soul,
In rising upwards to the goal,
Where never mortal rang'd before,
O'er heavn's ground and mighty shore;
From Eden, o'er the milky way,
His sterling genius did sway.

You virgins in the height of bloom,
Whose age hath scarce arriv'd at noon,
May the bright taper light your way,
To keep you from the traitor's prey ;
Believe not falsehoods deep decoy,
Which seeks your virtue to destroy ;
But with that hollow notion part,
Dont please the eye to plague the heart,
For when you're wedded to a rake,
Love binds not him to hymen's stake.
Mid thy sweet plenitude of pride,
Soon you would be a weeping bride;
Believe my fair that folly's slave,
Will bring its victim to the grave.
But here I'd scorn to seem to chide,
All those where love is on their side;
I know the unsuspecting mind,
Is open, generous and kind,
That glowing flame more pure than gold,
For love cannot be bought and sold:
Too oft my fair it is your lot,
To wed to those who love you not,
Have even balance when you can,
Look to the actions of the man.

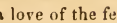
Altho' the balance seems so near,
'Tween those that fall and those sincere:
Man always acts a cunning part,
When he is not sincere at heart;
A foe unto himself 'tis true,
Yes, in the clearest point of view.
As man's true happiness must rest,
Where conscience lives within the breast,
That inward monitor will tell,
Where truth and honesty doth dwell:
The fool with dissipated joy,
Clogs up his path with sure alloy,
Just like the shameless reeling sot,
Who spoils his health and knows it not;
Tho' poison flow through ev'ry vein,
To bring on death or lasting pain:
And thus it is a scene of strife,
Which makes a widow of the wife:
And throws upon the world's wide stage,
Children at a tender age;
Or wholly to the mother's care,
The weight and burthen thus to bear:
Perhaps tost by poverty's rough blast,
And on the rock of trouble cast.

And shall those men that cause such wreck,
Slide off the stage without one check !
Shall men seek virtue to deride!
I mean the maiden and the bride;
One sunk in her meridian pride,
Far different wrongs befal the bride.
Yes said the lords of the creation,
Look poet to our lofty station;
How dare you then to try the case,
And hold the mirror to our face:
I disregard your lofty pride,
My ink shall flow for th' weakest side,
Whatever may my muse betide.
Why should the free unbiass'd pen,
Refuse to point out faithless men!
Who seeks no idle vain applause,
In virtue and in honor's cause:
If truth and justice prompt my song,
It must revolve on woman's wrong,
That wrong stands openly confest,
By ev'ry honest, manly breast:
But here, with shame, I will confess,
The wrong tho' deep has no redress;

No tongue, or pen, moves in the cause,
Because there's no protecting laws.
If treason's hatch'd against a king,
Th' alarum bell is sure to ring;
The law in this case is a dread:
And calleth for the traitor's head:
The vilest traitors that I know,
Are those that bring on woman's woe;
Who make the kindest hearts to weep,
And plunge their beauty in the deep;
Or take the fatal poison draught,
Mark the effect of villain craft:
To mar the noble work of God,
And bring it under the cold sod,
Some years, and years before the prime,
In all the rosy bloom of time.
The sweetest flowers receive the blight,
But reason asks if this be right;
If love derive its flame from heav'n,
Bless'd is the heart where most is giv'n:
Such souls shall share eternal bliss,
Who seal'd it with an artless kiss.
Just Heav'n who gave all nature birth,
Has shewn the gem of woman's worth;

When I this sacred truth resist,
May my rude heart cease to exist:
Men like firm united brothers,
Should live but for the good of others;
Those that are deaf to such a call,
Had better ne'er have li v'd at all.

Lines addressed to every Libertine.



Call your base passion a love of the female sex, indeed by heavens ye are their greatest enemies!

Altho' the sun may seem to shine,
On the base and cruel libertine;
His guilty soul will justice meet,
When standing at his maker's feet.
So let him stop and go no further,
His crime amounts almost to murder;
Tho' here the law will not him meet,
I'll drag him from his dark retreat;
Before the opening, shining day,
In all his black unhallowed sway:
He robs the parent of his child,
And breaks his heart, or drives him wild;
He cares not what his vice may cause,
He breaks divine and moral laws:
He's traitor to his mother's kind,
Who rears us with such care of mind:
This is the character in fine,
Of the treacherous libertine.*

---

*The above lines were written before the essay.

CROYDON.

Such native sweetness charm'd the muse to sing,
O'er Croydon's uncontaminated spring.

How I love to walk when the valley's ring,
With the birds sweet song in the smiling spring;
To muse with nature, plainly harmonize
In all—so lovely, grand, and truly wise:
Where early spring unfolds its vernal beauty,
To call the slumbering muse to duty.
Oft have I gaz'd on op'ning blooms and shades,
With fond delight across the yellow glades;
How often have I view'd the landscape scene,
Where the humblest bard instruction glean:
Oft have I sported on some verdant hill,
In quiet mood around, serene and still.
These are my joys, far from the busy throng,
Come smiling Croydon, swell my rural song;
Thy shaded seats, thy drooping willow bowers,
For talking age and lovers softest hours:
Thy gothic church that in a valley stands,
Without so rural, and within so grand;

'Its altar rich with worked marble side,
The admiration of the rosy bride.
Here the enamour'd, silent, list'ning muse,
Were deep in thought amid the well-fill'd pews;
To hear the calm and eloquent discourse,
Which breathed piety in glowing force:
Soft flow'd the reas'ning of the preacher's tongue,
As Cowper once and Thompson sweetly sung:
Calm, steady reason will our thoughts engage,
And draw the mind to wisdom's noble page;
Far different is th' effect of pulpit rage:
Fanatic dullness, soul of melancholy,
Always produceth vice and human folly:
See bounteous nature smiling in the fields,
See dulness, see where slighted truth reveals:
Behold yon chrystal stream so softly glide,
In all its native elemental pride:
Flow on sweet stream, the muse will tarry here,
And pour forth fervence o'er thy limpid clear;*
Aye there it glides, I have it in my eye,
Variegated pebbles on the bottom lie,

---

*This is the clearest running stream I ever beheld.—I believe this is the river Wandel, which turns several Mills in the Neighbourhood for Tobacco, &c.

More grand to me these stones that nature laid,
Than all the glare that pride has ever made:
Fond to behold the pearly streamlet roll,
And draw the genial current thro' the soul:
Sweet stream, whose peerless fountain lies in heav'n,
Life's sweetest drink, and mental food is giv'n.
You seem to say I'm part of the grand chain,
I bear no drug to stupify the brain:
You seem to say keep clear that breast of thine,
That in the space you fill like me may shine;
You seem to whisper to the list'ning ear,
Love, truth, and peace, harmonious and clear:
Philosophy, true wisdom, too can trace,
O'er thy resplendent, smiling, mirror face;
For ever flowing from the font of health,
Which far surpasses all the mines of wealth.
Thus while my eyes impart a stedfast look,
I read a volume bound in nature's book;
Thy murmuring is music to my ear,
Glide sweetly on to recollection dear:
Such native sweetness charm'd the muse to sing,
O'er Croydon's uncontaminated spring:
Then from the streamlet as I turn'd my eye,
The sun was setting in the western sky.

Yon noble mansion which I now behold,
Is overhung with clouds all tipt with gold;
Ev'n then the prospect here were rich and gay,
To see the clouds in beauteous array:
See cloud on cloud full rob'd in brightest hue,
Ah! where's the painter that can paint so true!
To throw the gilded shades 'tween ridge and dent,
Like evening glory in the firmament.
I like the glowing landscape drawn by West,
A proof his genius sure was chaste and just;
But nature's landscape warms me with its fire,
Gives life and tone to the soft rural lyre:
Where spring and autumn each by turn disclose,
The couch on which the poet finds repose;
Where even poverty can find a charm,
Quite unalloy'd by tumults rude alarm:
And view with raptur'd heart and straining eyes,
The scenes below and paint them as they rise;
And give the humble praise so justly due,
To him who reigns o'er heavn's ethereal blue:
Then o'er the smiling fields the muse can stroll,
No charge of trespass e'er can use control;
Freely thou may'st take thy rural stand,
To chaunt the beauty of thy native land;

Or as the bee who sips the dewy flowers,
And wings its flight o'er seated hawthorn bowers.
Thou art no traitor to wound a parent's heart,
And in sweet love to plant a deathly dart!
Thou art no perjured, false, base libertine,
Blaspheming heav'n with thy foul gilt and crime:
But guilt and crime I will not now rehearse,
To throw a gloom o'er this my softer verse.
Vice rides at noon in all its hues and grades,
The muse delights in groves and willow shades,
Mid natures smiling, animating charms;
Enclosed in the willow's leafy arms,
'Tween which is seen the glowing scenes around,
Here let me dwell where sterling joy is found,
To hymn glad praise and pray that discord cease,
And ever woo love, liberty, and peace.

GRATITUDE

Sweet gratitude the beauty of the mind,
Which makes the heart benevolent and kind
Returning love for love, and good for good,
This is the rock where virtue ever stood;
Unshaken by the scoff of knave or fool,
For gratitude's the beauteous golden rule;
And ornament throughout a moral life,
The surest barrier from all worldlystrife:
Ingratitude so odious where it goes,
Turning true friends to be our mortal foes:
But gratitude sweet genial flower of heaven,
Blooms fragrance sweet wherever it is given.

A WALK TO HAMPSTEAD.

How clear then was the azure,
The air blew calm and sweet;
Its beauty I view with much pleasure,
When to Hampstead I haste to retreat;
Far from the bustling noisy town,
In nature's book to turn a leaf;
In meditation sat me down:
While viewing the romantic heath,*
Sweet smiling lovely landscape,
Whose charms soon caught my eager eye,
As over Primrose Hill I trip,
Well known to ev'ry passer by;
For in the summers gayest fair.
Thousands are drawn with pleasure here,
But nature seems to lure me there,
To keep the seat of reason clear.

---

*Hampstead, if not the pleasantest place in all the County of Middlesex, may be said to be the most beautiful within the same short distance from London.

How necessary is pure air,
To keep the clearness of the mind;
Progressive intellect will share,
The brightest gems, which man can find.
Then o'er the verdant mead I'll muse,
When shaded by yon noble tree:
Transcendent beauty! but I lose
Myself in works of the Deity!
Then lo I bow to nature's shrine,
Throughout her rich and vast domain,
Her mantle's spread o'er ev'ry clime,
Behold her radiant golden chain!*
View nature ev'ry way we can,
With calmness and serenity,
'Tis there the beacon points to man,
The throne of the supremity:
We must unfurl the standard there,
To gain a noble victory;
True benefits we soon should share,
With peace of mind in high degree.
Unless man take his proper station,
And tries to cultivate his mind,

*In allusion to the Labernam Trees in full bloom.

He sinks below the brute creation,
Disgracing even human kind :
While here I view the lowland scene,
Well pleas'd at what I see now pass ;
'Tis modest beauty that I mean,
Now riding on the well-fed ass,*
Whose sleeky coat and cheerful mien,
Bespeaks the mind of those that keep them :
Tis nature's last and noble queen,
Her sacred and her brightest gem.
Sweet Hampstead and thy rural view,
Where I in rapture sat me down,
'Till I return I bid adieu,
And leave thy charms for London town.

*I have seen young Ladies at Hampstead and Highgate riding on asses ; and here I contrasted the happy lot of these animals with those kept by the uncivilized London costermongers.

RURAL LIFE.

The wise seek neither poverty nor riches.

How happy is a rural life,
When peace auspicious smiles around;
Far from the town of noise and strife,
To breathe the air in our own ground:
However small the spot may be,
With a calm, contented mind;
Reposing under our own tree,
A blessing of the sweetest kind:
Where poverty that hideous fiend,
Nor riches mar our peaceful lot:
To warp the soul or steel a friend,
Nor undermine the rural cot.
Then happy is a rural life,
Reposing under our own tree;
Free from noise or jarring strife,
'Tis all the wise can wish to be.

MILL HILL,*

PART FIRST.

My humble muse on rural pleasure bent,
Paints the rich scenes and fertile fields of Kent.

Now we'll hasten to Mill Hill,
When we cross the murm'ring rill,
And there those beauties we'll behold,
Which yonder prospect does unfold.
Kent is the beauty of our isle,
See there thy radiant lustre smile;
Thy fields so rich in nature's pride,
Thy verdant hills and dales beside;
Though this is not the mart of wealth,
I prize it as the seat of health.
Why should we roam to foreign clime,
From scenes, like this, which are sublime,*
We leave a paradise to roam,
And seek for phantoms far from home.

---

* Near Gravesend.

Four kings I read in times long past,
Did rule in Kent with iron grasp:
And war kept up among those four,
And delug'd these rich fields in gore:
But now those feuds are swept away,
One glorious monarch bears the sway;
The shepherdess her tears are ceas d,
Her lover guards his flock in peace.
The stately hinds, not made to start,
By being pierc'd with savage dart.*
The lambs are seen to skip and play,
Amid this scene of undismay:
The lowing herd I love to view,
Their spots and colors lively hue:
The feather'd tribe delights my ear,
The cuckoo tells the spring draws near;
Here would I gladly end my days,
Where all around invite my lays.
A scene of universal joy,
A perfect bliss without alloy.
Ah! stop, my friend, a native cries,
I think this bliss you too much prize;

* Meaning the Bows and Arrows.

Ask that poor shoeless peasant boy,
If he find bliss without alloy?
Well, my lad, how fare ye now,
Dont you go cheerfully to plough?
"Sir," said the boy, and shook his head,
"My father's ill, my mother's dead;
We lately liv'd in yonder cot,
But poverty is now our lot:
We held it forty years or more,
Misfortune drove us from its door;
And thinking that to be no harm,
We laid ouselves down in a barn:
But scarcely had we clos'd our eyes,
When we awoke in great surprise,
And to a dungeon dragg'd away,
Because we in a barn did lay."*
For poverty's a sin you know,
If not with God, with man 'tis so:
Will not the Briton's heart feel pain,
While thus he reads his country's stain;
To punish men for no offence,
Shows tyranny or want of sense.

*In the year 1825, 613 people were sent to prison by the magistrates of Kent, under the vagrant act, as a punishment for sleeping in barns and fields.

Let me now quit th' revolting scene,
And turn unto my landscape queen;
Her smiling face my spirits cheer,
Teaches me what to revere.
When on Mill Hill I took my stand,
Turn ev'ry way the scene was grand;
It shows grand nature to the sight,
Seen by the silvery orb of night:
And sweetly I hear the nightingale,
Warbling from the woods and vale;
Tuning its clear, melodious pipe,
In the rich land of cherry ripe:
Here I will not forget the fair,
For the sweet cherry lips are there;
And plainly are they to be seen,
Smiling around the smiling scene.*
And while that I am on the scene,
Here will I view the winding stream:
Where ships in full majestic pride,
Are sailing from the ocean wide;
They've safely cross'd the sea of health,
And bringing to the merchant wealth,

* allusion to the late popular air of cherry ripe.

See, see how grand they steer along,
View'd by the all-admiring throng;
And hailed by my humble muse,
While eying the fine water views:
But I must leave this rural scene,
This fertile land of lovely green;
Where num'rous blooming orchards are,
In summer green, in spring so fair.
This land of Julius Cæsar's fame,
When Albion shores deriv'd its name:
Yes, I must leave for London town,
This ancient place and health renown:
And pass a dreary winter there,
'Midst noise, and solitude so rare;
But when the frost has left the rill,
Again I'll turn to sweet Mill Hill.

MILL HILL,

PART SECOND.

This hill the muse shall consecrate to fame,
'Mid rural scenery inscribe its name.

Come Vestris* join with me and sing,
And welcome in the smiling spring;
Thou sweet enchantress of the lyre,
Let us both raise our voices higher,
For blessings thus so bounteous giv'n,
We should thus chaunt our praise to heav'n.
Now the frost has left the rill,
Here I'm on this rural hill;
I came at th' opening of the morn,
To view the meadows and the painted lawn:
The sun hath risen in the east,
The landscape to the eye a feast;
Its rays dispel the sparkling dews,
And clearly shew the distant views:

---

*Madame Vestris the admirable singer.

I'll stay much longer than before,
These beauties farther to explore;
I'm glad in spring I came so soon,
To see the orchard's smiling bloom:
Laburnam trees in rich attire,
The lilac, the sweet scented briar.
One boundless blush of mingled flowers,
Lights up and beautifies the bowers.
The meadows which I see below,
Seem nearly in fit state to mow,
Employment for th' industrious swains,
And to the owner's hard-earn'd gains.
Near yonder trees and water-fall,
Stands Darnley's mansion, Cobham Hall;
That beauteous grove below this hill,
My breast with admiration fills.
See where those clam'rous rooks do perch,
On that ancient Cobham church:
Near yonder farm so rich with tillage,
That pretty noted place chalk village;
And Milton church o'erhung by trees,
May well the muse's fancy please:
And where this noble river winds,
I see the views of Chatham lines.

Ah! may no robbers hands o'er fasten,
Rochester's grand and noble castle;
No Cromwell's furious and fanatic bands,
To break its ancient walls and spoil the lands:
He drove the shepherd's flock astray,
And carried the spoils of Church away.
Ah! no, ye swains to whom belong,
The poet and his rural song:
'Tis yours to say who cultivates the fields,
Within the margin which true pleasure yields.
Oh! may I live to see the cottage smile,
And poverty's grim face in dire exile;
That all th' industrious may in virtue smile,
And take the place too long usurp'd by guile.
See noble Darnley's park lays here,
Well stock'd with herds of playful deer:
Sporting on the open ground,
Yet timid at the footstep sound.
The hedges are white with opening may,
And I smell the fragrant new mown hay,:
The skylark mounts the air to sing,
And seems to welcome in the spring:
With all the warbler's tuneful lays,
As tho' to offer heav'n their praise.

The cuckoo's note echoes from yonder tree,
Well pleas'd, by gentle spring set free:
Sweet thy echoing rural sound,
With all these noble views around;
So picturesque, sublimely grand,
The muse's seat, the painter's stand.
Come waft ye winds my humble praise,
Throughout this sweet alluring maze,
To crown my joys, while here I roam,
Among the flow'rs where Bloomfield shone;
For I could pass sweet rural hours,
Among the cultivated flowers;
They so improv'd by art we find,
Shows man should cultivate his mind:
Full half the evils we endure,
We can prevent or find a cure;
Th' experienced gard'ner knows his flowers,
Thrive best where skill puts forth its power's.
We, like th' industrious bee should roam,
Collecting sweets to carry home;
And hail the dawn of reas'ning powers,
And gain improvement from the fleeting hours.
The light of knowledge shines afar,
To shame us from all senseless jar;

The march of truth glides slowly on,
And bids dark prejudice begone:
Come view the scenes where verdure shines,
The groves where innocence reclines;
Reclining on the boughs of trees,
And shaken with the ev'ning breeze:
'Tis here true innocence we find,
In the melodious feathered kind:
The thrush that opens with the day,
The lambs that in the meadows play;
These hold a mirror up to man,
And so does all vast natures' plan:
The fruits and flowers on natures rich domain,
Proclaim the wisdom of our Maker's reign;
A reign of glory shines in every herb,
But man's own self his happiness disturb.
And while I paint the beauties of Mill Hill,
I see the track of agricultural skill;
The fields laid out so neatly all around,
On the luxurious, cultivated ground;
A promis'd plenty smiles on every farm,
Of blest, abundant crops for every barn.
Ye generous Britons venerate the plough,
Once England's pride but too neglected now;

The greatest prop of nation's wealth and power,
Lies in the humble cottage bower,
Sweet light of peace upon my native shore,
The mad'ning din of war is heard no more:
May plenty follow in its train,
To cheer the heart of the lab'ring swain;
That poverty may give no cause,
To break Divine and human laws.
Now I must leave my favourite Kent,
Well pleas'd with the hours I've lately spent!
And travel to thy neighbouring county,
Where nature spreads its verdant bounty.
The distant hills while here I gaze,
Invite my humble, rural lays.
I'll hasten to th' enchanting sight,
When morning beams its sacred light:
Adieu Mill Hill, adieu sweet murm'ring rills,
My rural song shall sound on Surry Hills.

SURRY HILLS.

Hail, hail, sweet summer's morn,
My muse with rapture fills;
As here I paint the beautious scenes,
From Surry's verdant hills.

Let the sot and the card player follow those ills,
While I roam for pleasure on thy sunny hills;
Where the air is refreshing, the scenery grand,
And Surry's sweet landscapes are seen to expand
Till at Richmond it shines in radiance bright,
By the bright sun of day and the grand orb of night.
And here let me stay, to give my just praise,
A scene so enchanting inviteth my lays;
Here's a treat for the painter, and poet likewise;
If he use it but rightly he'll find it a prize:
For surely those scenes were meant to engage,
To civilize man from his barbarous rage.
Just as music will act on the sensitive ear,
My spirits are cheer'd by those views I revere;
Let man study nature's instructive repast,
He'll find a rich mine that will hold to the last:

For when from pure nature he will go astray,
He falls among brambles and loses his way.
When on fair Richmond Hill I sat me down.
To view Surry Hills and the scenery round;
I gaz'd on those woods and valleys below,
And the sweet winding stream that majestic did flow,
And those beautiful groves and richly form'd bowers,
The lovers retreat for courtship's sweet hours;
The lowing herd a richness now shew,
Their colors bespangle the meadows below;
And those fertile fields so enrich'd by the dews,
Where the lambs ever fondly follow the ewes:
Those lawns so gay, so rich, so green,
And the beautiful deer in the park are seen.
I'll stay much longer on this noted hill,
For I now hear notes of the robin so shrill:
And the nightingale warb'ling and tuning its lyre,
While the strains of the lark mount higher & higher.
The cuckoo now echoes from yonder high tree,
To rouse the sluggard wherever he be;
Now will I hasten to yon rural plains,
To hear the fair maiden thus warbling her strains:
They chime so sweet with the feather'd throng,
Hark: hark! I hear their united song;

'Twas a shepherdess singing under an oak tree,
Guarding her flock with her crook on her knee.
This innocence might let a man know,
That point beyond which he never should go.
The birds that so harmoniously chime,
Pour forth their lay in tune and in time;
The geese that on the common run,
Know what to eat and what to shun:
The swine that roll in the miry dirt,
Will not drink that which does him hurt.
Now if this hint be rightly taken,
And nature's plan be not forsaken;
Both health and mind will be improv'd,
Yet not cast down in pensive mood:
While nature smiles and looks so gay,
Should man be sad it seems to say,
Now I'll return to landscape scenes,
The grand alluring heav'nly queens;
When from a window by chance I've seen,
The pasturing cattle on this verdant green:
I thought of the town and all its ills,
And I long'd to roam on the gay Surry Hills.*

*This unexpected and pleasant view of the Surry Hills was seen from the window of a house in Lombard-street, Fleet-street, where I then worked.

Where the air is refreshing all nature looks grand,
And the streamlet of reason has room to expand;
Now the fields with yellow harvest shine,
And the ears of the wheat look full and fine,
O let me make the glad tidings known,
Of the pleasing sound of harvest home!
Now rests the cannon, sword and lance,
Rise up, rise up the morris dance:
The maypole too, come rear thy head,
Thy foes, the puritans, are dead:
Come forth then in the month of May,
Bedeck'd in flowers and laurel gay.
Lets try to raise the village sport,
They'll have the smiles of George the Fourth;
Let mirth and harmony be found,
And all ill will put under ground:
And plenty every cottage fill,
Surry discard the vile treadmill:
Be hospitality our guide,
And sense prevail o'er useless pride.
The fall of nations mark the cause,
Is pride the foe to freedom's laws!
Lets fill the mind with useful store,
And lay refinement on the floor:

Where innocence and truth is found,
Refinement's feet has left the ground;
Where wealth has kept its proper stand,
This is the truly happy land.
The rivers when they overflow,
Spoil the cultured land you know;
Blest ev'ry family or nation,
That guards the line of demarcation:
At every point, in every case,
Justice never should give place.
While I then for instruction glean,
O'er all this fine romantic scene;
Nothing but beauty spread around,
On nature's rich and fertile ground:
The clear, the beauteous azure sky,
The gold ting'd shades that distant lie;
While plenty smiles in every field,
The shining hills gay prospect yield;
A paradise throughout the whole,
To clear the mind and warm the soul:
My muse doth hail the lovely morn,
That shone in splendour o'er the lawn.
Now I must turn my humble pen,
To speak unwelcome truth to men;

A female form, thin, pale and ill,
Just liberated from the vile treadmill;
Her eyes dejected and her frame was weak,
She seem'd scarce able now to walk or speak:
Dejected grief was pictured in her face,
While thus she spoke and briefly told her case:
"Once I had a home and never knew dismay,
Until false William led me thus astray,
By him deserted, I an unprotected child,
The world frown'd on me and my friends revil'd.
Forc'd on the town at length against my will,
Consign'd at last to the vile treading mill;
Thus deprived of where to lay my head,
My constant prayer is now that I were dead."*
I much regret that this extreme,
Should solely mar the busy scene;
But even now we'll not despair,
For noble-minded Briscoe's there,

*The mind of man naturally and justly revolts at that which tends to degrade and injure the female sex. I am at a loss to conceive how the magistrates of this county can subject females to so degrading a punishment, notwithstanding the laudable exertions of Mr. Briscoe and Sir Thomas Turton, to shew the evil tendency it has on the morals of all those who have had the misforsune of suffering under its baneful influence.

To urge and bring it on again,
And rid this county of the stain.
The muse doth brighten at the thought,
Which gives the meed of praise unbought ;
For sober reason's gentle plan,
Points out the way for erring man :
The noblest of created kind,
Is the exalted polish'd mind ;
The heart that virtue's gems adorns,
Will never strew its path with thorns;
Nor blight the flowers of sweet repose,
Which in the humble bosom glows.
The sun is setting in the west,
The fowls are now retir'd to rest ;
The children left their sportive play,
Denotes the closing summer's day :
But still the twilight I behold,
One cloud remains that's tipt with gold ;
But soon that one will disappear,
Below the horizontal sphere.
When meditative powers may range,
O'er the next forthcoming change ;
The swains are eager for the sight,
To hail the useful orb of night,

Which rises gradual in the east,
And gives the admiring eye a feast;
The feast of evening in full pride,
When its brilliant beams will glide.
Thus when the luminous lamp of night,
O'er heav'ns azure spreads her sacred light;
When not a breeze disturbs the solemn scene
And not a cloud is there to intervene:
In the vast space the vivid planets roll,
And suns unnumbered glorify the whole;
O'er the dark vales the silvery verdures shed,
A gleam of light tips every mountain's head.
Then shine the towers, the hills in prospect rise,
A flow of grandeur blazing from the skies;
The conscious soul now glowing with delight,
Is lost in wonder in the beauteous sight:
But when recover'd from the hallow'd charms,
This throne of glory which high heav'n commands:
The mind exalted and the soul amaz'd,
Where Newton studied and where Herschell gaz'd;
In praise immortal and with mind serene,
I close the beauties of the midnight scene:
But when the morning sun shall rise,
Majestic from the eastern skies;

Then in those fields once more I'll roam,
Before I'll tarry to my home,
To view the beauties of the morn,
Where nature's glowing sweets adorn;
And breathe the pure enliv'ning air,
Then to the verdant hills repair,
To view the groves and shades that lie,
Italic scenes may fairly vie:
Rural and noble to behold all round,
On this fine fertile cultivated ground:
For there is pleasure in the hills sweet air,
Which sluggish ease can never hope to share.
The mind is brighten'd when that we survey,
The early dawning of the break of day;
To view the dewy mist dispers'd by th' sun,
And see the sportsman with his dog and gun:
These are the joys a rural life afford,
And these the treat the humble muse ador'd.
In themes of gladness here the mind's at ease,
With nature's bounty will instruct and please:
This is the blessing which industry brings,
'Tis where the searching heart moistens its springs,
And must I leave thee Surry, lovely groves,
And the sweet winding stream that calmly flows,

Majestic, through my native isle,
Where female beauty's charms do smile
Invoke my muse in strains of holy fire,
Come Vestris tune thy all-enchanting lyre;
And Flora bring thy laurel and sweet flowers,
To crown with glory the harmonious hours;
And peace and plenty spread the humble board,
Which God in goodness o'er the land has stor'd.
When winter clonds shall overcast the scene,
Resonnd ye hills, my song of ever-green:
Spring soon returns, how fast the seasons roll,
The bounteous sun will animate the whole.
Rekindling life now beaming from the skies,
And these sweet scenes in lovely prospect rise.
Praise, Heaven praise, the grateful heart resounds,
See rich luxuriance o'er the earth abounds:
Th' unletter'd muse with fervency will raise,
An humble note to Heaven of joy and praise.

A SONG,

THE CHAMPION OF LOVE.

May I perish if ever I'm false to my love,
I said the last time when I threw down my glove,
As a challenge to him that's more constant than me,
Whether on shore or on the salt sea:
See our ship weighing anchor and I must set sail,
And leave thy sweet breath for the breath of the gale;
Tho' loud billows will roll between you and I,
Yet I never will cause thy dear bosom to sigh.
Let the libertine hold up his head if he can,
And say what he will, but he is no man:
Come dry up your tears my sweet maiden fair,
And offer to heav'n your sacred pray'r,
For my safe return to my dear native shore,
Then from thee I never will part any more;
But in wedlock I'll join with thee for my life,
Sophia, you ever shall be my dear wife.

A SONG,
WOODBINE COTTAGE MAID.

As in yon grove I musing stray'd.
To meet fair Woodbine Cottage Maid ;
Her blushing smile and sloe-black eyes,
Fill'd me with rapture to the skies.

Chorus.—May heaven bless you lovely fair,
And may you every blessing share.

This lowland beauty's lovely mien,
Enliven'd all the rural scene;
The birds put forth their sweetest song,
As through the grove she tript along:
The grazing herd on the green swad blade,
Seem'd lowing to the Woodbine Maid:
The sheep that pasture in the verdant field,
Their fond affection kindly yield.
The soft and balmy summer breeze,
Majestic wav'd the lofty trees;
Her rural cot stands near the grove,
With peace and beauty interwove:
This seat of virtue and good will,
Is bounded by the neighbouring hill,
Which overlooks the flow'ry vale,
The path of many a lovers' tale.
Where the silvery moon beams glide,
The lovers lamp and evening pride:
Blest be the hour when first I stray'd,
To meet sweet Woodbine Cottage Maid.

A SONG,

THE MINSTREL GIRL.

The Minstrel Girl is gone afar,
With her enliv'ning soft guitar;
Oft have I list'ned to her strain,
She's gone to seek her lowland swain.
Why did he leave his herds and flocks,
To wander in the lonely rocks;
By the foaming billows rolling sea,
From his much-lov'd native hawthorn tree!
But soon the minstrel's sweet guitar,
Call'd the wanderer from afar;
The glowing sound soon caught his ear.
"I'll come' said he "to you my dear:"
Then rising from the rocky seat,
His faithful lover's arms to meet;
Vow'd never more to roam afar,
From her melodious guitar.

MARY'S SWEET SMILE.

The sun is in the meredian high,
Not a cloud o'ercasts the azure sky;
To yonder cool grove I will tarry awhile,
Where oft I've been greeted with Mary's sweet smile
How blithely she tript o'er the fields so gay,
When my faithful dog Cloe met my love on her way;
If only I point to Nightingale stile,
Thither he'll wait to see my love smile.
Poor Cloe is fond for Mary is kind,
True emblem of woman's heart and mind.
A favorite bard,* who is now no more,
Tun'd his harp o'er the stream on a distant shore;
But give me a cot in my own native isle,
And cheer'd by the rays of Mary's sweet smile.
Where the rose and woodbine hang over the door,
As a token of love for her I adore;
And the grove in view unspotted by guile,
Where oft I've been greeted with Mary's sweet smile

*Lord Byron.

A SONG,

The disconsolate Maiden or the fortunate Rescue

While walking one morn by a clear rip'ling stream,
A disconsolate maiden appear'd on the green;
Her fair cheek bath'd in tears, absorb'd in grief,
Made me anxious to seek to afford her relief;
I instantly hastened to ask what was meant,
And the cause of the grief which she had to lament:
When turning her head, with a sigh she reply'd,
And hastily glanc'd at the full flowing tide.
"O! forlorn am I left, and my Henry is gone,
And has plighted his vows to another this morn;
He vow'd to be constant for ever to me,
And has ruin'd my peace henceforward I see."
No, no, my sweet maiden you must not say so,
I will be thy protector wherever you go;
Tho' the morning be low'ry, the day may prove fine,
Come then my sweet maiden for ever be mine:
Come, come my sweet maid, come tarry with me,
He's a foe to himself, and a traitor to thee.
Take me at my word, the church stands in view,
Think no more of the traitor, but bid him adieu;
Let me wipe off those tears, put back your bright hair,
No man that is brave 'ere deceived the fair:
She gave me her hand, and I led her away,
To the church where we quickly were married that day
And the blessings which daily upon us descend,
Make us happy to live in the joy of our friends.

THE TOMB OF THE BRAVE.

Ye breezes that blow on a far distant shore,
Where the goddess of freedom sat wasted with care;
Wave the willows that grow o'er the tomb of the brave
She mourn'd for Napoleon that now is no more,
And gave herself up to grief and despair:
Rise, goddess arise, from thy heroe's lone grave.
In the arms of grim death he doth surely repose,
But his proud soul in heav'n with ardor still glows;
Then arise fair goddess in thy robes of light,
Sound the trumpet of fame on freedom's firm ground,
And tyrants shall tremble when in their conclave;
When the slaves of France shall demand their right
And the soul of Napoleon will echo the sound,
Tis the voice that resounds from the tomb of the brave.

THE QUEEN OF THE EARTH.

A Subject for Painting.

In the twilight dawn of the creation,
True wisdom mark'd our proper station ;
One genial and universal glow,
Charm'd and invigorated all below.
Dame nature while viewing her noble birth,
Proclaim'd lovely woman the queen of the earth ;
The master-piece of the Deity's plan,
And the glory and adoration of man.
The groves of Eden were grand and serene,
And shown in sweet radiance o'er the queen;
In heav'nly mood the genius of bliss,
Kiss'd the hand of the queen,—'twas the envied kiss.
When kind Flora from her sacred bowers,
Came smiling down and crown'd her with flowers,
And the sun rose bright on the blue topt hills,
Beaming its light o'er the murmuring rills;
True gladness hail'd th' harmonious birth,
And glory encircled the Queen of the Earth.

LINES

Composed for my Sons Coronation Christmas Piece.

May George the Fourth take justice for his stand,
And England be a free and happy land;
Then would true glory hover o'er his throne,
And Briton's tell how bright their monarch shone.
Th' unletter'd muse would hail the glorious reign,
And spread the tidings o'er the peaceful plain;
Right glad to see the good old Christmas cheer,
And welcome in th bounteous new year.

Nicholls, Printer, Somerset-place, Hoxton.

3477-251
Lot 38

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: April 2009

Preservation Technologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

SEP 77

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 525 903 4